Religion tos't in a Blanckit..

CUP.219.40/1

C-----ch. *M*

THese are the two who Doth Deviſion make,
My Friend toſs on we'l make their bones to ach
At laſt Some ſtand for High others pretend low C---ch,
the'y', Leave Rel--g--n in the Lurch.

r K---

Par don good Sirs and don't you thus proceed,
Shake mine Limbs I vow their is no need.
The French Deceaſe has Seiſed me abont
And now't begins to Take me by the Snout.

Diſs.

Talk not of Pardon, it we cannot give,
The Pope he mnſt Abſolve you as I live
Had we him here he is the head of all,
Toſs on, Good Brother, mind but how they fall

Perkin.

Your Way of Rocking I don't like indeed,
Ceaſe for ſome time my Heart begins to Bleed
Forbear a While I prey I am but Tender
And him whom Some Do Call the Young Pretender.

C -ch *M.*

Therefore we toſs you for to let you know,
Our Engliſh Lawes are juſt, we'l have it ſo.
Theſe are the men, who Faction Heither Bring;
We'll throw' you up, and Down and up again,
Favour me then I vow it is no time,
For if I don't the Fault it ſhall be mine.

Diſs

Well Done my Friend, I like your Humer well
We'll looſe them not Except they go to Hell;
Let us Remember now the Powder Plot,
And Shake them Soundly, it won't be forgot.

C-- ch. *M.*

Nor yet the Plots they did of it invent,
Againſt our Nations K---gs and Parliament,
Remember Royall William: whom you thought
Him to have Murder'd tho it Came to Nought,

Diſs.

And Godfry to, Remember but that Deed,
To think of it, it makes my Heart to bleed.
Fly up amain, Blood Sucking Crew you be,
Marlborough'l Plague you to eternity.
But we mnſt needs Spend on you ſome more time,
Your Faults are great with Jeſuits you Conbine.

Perkin.

Have Mercy now, ſome Pity take on me,
I 'm Young, and Tender, ther's no fault you'l ſee
Old Lewis with the Romiſh fathers they,
Proclaim'd me falſly tho' I loſt the Day,
Was I but Cleer I Swear I'de runn awy,

Fr K--

Mun dieu my bones, begar you make them ach,
Pardon me Meſsieurs for St. Dennis Sake,
In Fait me never will be Falſe no more,
Young Perkins is won Damn'd Son of a Whore.

C h. M.

We'll teach you now we've got you to invent,
To Ruin Kingdoms, and Breed diſcontent,
No Romiſh Faction, Shall amongſt us Dwell
They are the Servants of the Devill in Hell.

Diſs,

Let their Religion keep in France that we,
The Proteſtants may Live in vnity;
For While they live, no Quiet we ſhall have,
The other toſs wi'l ſend them to the Grave.

Perkin.

The *Plot* was not in me, but in this K--g,
Who ſent me forth to be an Offering:

Fr. *K*--

Belive him not, begar me tell you plain,
Me Being here me be much very Shame;
With main, tenon me rather lye in Bed,
You Toſs ſo long, you Split my royal Head,
Leave of in time or elſe me ſhall fa'll true,
And Breake mine bone De which will make me rue.

Perkin.

You't plunged now for breaking of your word:
No one will for you a good name afford I

C -ch. *M.*

That can't be done ſince both ſo *Falſe* have been
To Englands *Nation*, and ſo good a Queen,
The Lands he hath ſo falſley took away,
He mnſt reſine and that without Delay.

Diſs.

He muſt Call home Anjoy, and likewiſe own,
King Charles the Sovereigne of the *Spaniſh Throne*;
When he does talk of peace aſsur'd we are,
He is at work our land for to inſnare.

C ch. *M.*

It is moſt Certain there no truth is found,
Your Name for Cruelty all o're doth ſound,
You think to *Stop* the meaſures of our Armes:
By *Spreading* to and thro' your Curſed Charmes.

Perkin,

Let me but goe I ne'r more will lay Claim,
But I a B----tard will deny the ſame.

F K

Spare me alſo that me may Dye in peace,

C----ch. *M.*

Were that Day come our joys would then incr eaſe.

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